

An Addiction of a Different Kind

It had to be done.

I have to let go.

I knew that it was for the best, yet that small comfort did little to make it any easier.

Against my better judgement, I had allowed myself to succumb to old habits, which only led to a vicious cycle of elevated highs and fathomless lows. This practice left me in a constant struggle amidst the two extremes. With my emotions volatile and reliant on a fix, I needed stability, and that would only come if I ended this now. I began to count to three.

One.

I was walking a fine line as it was already. I couldn't afford to lose what remained of my self-restraint, knowing that if I loosened my grip any further, how effortless it would be to give into the allure. A single dose brought colour to my monochrome world. In turn the sharp edges and harsh realities of life were blunted as I drifted in and out of the numbness it brought. The only feeling the haze induced was the bursting sense of euphoria that engulfed me . But the blissful conditions would fade as quickly as they had come. The colours dulling to their black and white state, as everything around me would slide back into its usual painful focus.

The longing, the want for that elation, was insistent.

Then the want would become a need.

A burning

clawing

insatiable

need.

And the cycle would repeat itself. Endlessly chasing what could not be attained, requiring more and more each time than the last.

I have to let go.

Two

These dangerous intoxications have worn me down over the years. Continuously using the numbness as a patch for a pit within me that I longed to fill. A pit that held a malevolence I dared not let out.

But I couldn't continue to be so detached from the world.

Admittedly, withdrawal would bring hell. First the shaking, what started as trembling hands and fidgeting fingers intensified to convulsions that wracked my entire being. The overwhelming clarity sobriety brought was more than I could handle. Everything was too real, too important, making a stupor all the more preferable.

Even still, the fits paled in comparison to the nightmares, the jarring visions that left me panting, drenched with sweat in the middle of the night. The horrors that my mind contrived never failed to rouse me; my fears always presented in new and equally grim ways.

But the horrors I dread are simply realities. Realities that fill me with

Anxiety.

Melancholy.

Desolation.

Just to name a few demons that come out to play when the pit is left open.

I might have opted for a perpetual trance had I not been falling apart at the seams from this rollercoaster of a ride. The constant flickering between the two extremes of joy and despair leaving me unstable. Another revolution of this course and I may break down completely.

I have to let go.

Three

I glanced up giving you a shy smile. My surroundings were a blur as I crossed that bustling street, still holding on so tightly to your hand. My struggles were not with a drug, but with you, an addiction of a different kind. Some days we were lovers, other days strangers, always just friends. The toxicity of this ever fluctuating relationship had taken its toll on me. It was my fault that I couldn't be happy with what we had, whatever it was. My dependency on you had become all too clear even through the daze of any love you gave. It would be for the best to restrain from you completely. A selfish yet necessary course of action for the sake of my sanity. You could never give enough, and I could never have enough.

It was time.

Four

I hadn't let go.